

# RURAL REPOSITORY.

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" Prompt to improve and to invite,  
" We blend instruction with delight."—POPE.

## POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,  
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

### WINTER'S TALE.

(Concluded.)

Meantime, Perdita grew up to womanhood, and improved daily in beauty and sweetness; so that her fame was spread abroad, even whilst filling the lowly station of a shepherdess. Though her reputed father was considered wealthy, yet many were pleased to dispute, whether the beautiful shepherdess could be the offspring of a swain so humble; but, as he had only taken up his residence in his present abode, after the birth of Perdita, no one could ascertain the fact. Florizel, the only son of Polixenes, was one day hunting in the wilds near the habitation of Perdita's reputed father. He had, in the eagerness of pursuit, been separated from his friends, and lost his way; when weary and thirsty he spied a rural habitation, and making towards it, requested some refreshment. He was received by Polidor and his father with the most perfect cordiality—and presently Perdita brought curds and cream, the simple fare of the cottage. He was struck with her exquisite loveliness and the dignified sweetness of her manner, a manner and person that looked more like a resident of the most splendid courts, than the inmate of a lowly cot. Inadvertently he expressed his admiration, which the beautiful shepherdess received, with a blushing modesty that enhanced her charms; and Florizel, having conceived the idea of paying court to this rural beauty, hastened away, lest by any chance his companions should find his retreat, and thereby make discovery of his high rank. Sleep never closed his eyes during the night; the image of the lovely, artless, and elegant Perdita floated before his fancy; and he counted the moments which must intervene ere he should again behold her.

On the following day he proceeded to pay his visit. His heart beat as he approached the cottage, and he had scarce resolution to advance; but at length he alighted, and, tying his horse to a tree, with folded arms and a slow irresolute step walked onwards. At a sudden turning in the road he beheld Perdita seated on a bank in a pensive attitude; on his approach she started, and the crimson glow which suffused her cheeks, together with the confusion of her manner, assured him that, however powerful the impression she had

made on his heart might be, still it was reciprocal. He caught her hand almost unconsciously, and pressed it to his lips, " Beautiful Perdita," said he, " may I ask what was the subject of your contemplation?" " I was just wishing," she replied with sweet simplicity, " that I were a great princess, or a queen." " And why, sweet Perdita, why would you be a queen?" " Because then I should be—more worthy of—of—" " More worthy of my love, sweet maid, would you imply that?"

He, then, gently passed his arm round her waist, but she turned her head away, and covered her face with her hand; whilst the deepest glow of crimson tinged her snowy neck and arms. Florizel, enraptured, threw himself at her feet, and declared his ardent love, which she joyfully received, owning with artless simplicity an equal tenderness: but prudently telling him she would not admit his visits without the consent of her father and brother. Florizel was now at a loss to know in what manner he could ask the hand of Perdita, or whom he should say he was. To acknowledge himself the king's son was to shut himself from her presence; for her father dared not on the pain of death give encouragement to the heir of the throne. He was suddenly lost in thought; Perdita inquired the cause; and he, relying on her prudence, informed her of his rank. The lovely maid turned pale at this discovery; a discovery which for a moment chilled her hopes, and removed her to an immeasurable distance from the object of her idolatory. " Leave me, begone," she said, wiping her streaming eyes. " And yet not so," she continued; her self-possession now returned, the glow of animation spread over her countenance, her eyes sparkled, her chest expanded, and a commanding sovereignty spread over her sylph-like form, which, to the wondering eyes of Florizel, appeared sublime. He did not find much difficulty in persuading Perdita to keep the secret of his birth; then forming a tale of his circumstances and station, which passed current with the old shepherd and his son, and assuming the name of Doricles, his visits and addresses were admitted, and the day for their marriage fixed. The abstraction of Florizel from all his accustomed studies, and his frequent absence from court for hours and days together, attracted the attention of Polixenes; and his friend Camillo undertook to watch his haunts, and bring an account of the cause which had made such an alteration in his accustomed habits and man-

ners. He soon gained intelligence of his visits to a cottage, and of the fame and beauty of the old shepherd's daughter. It was then resolved, that the king and his trusty Camillo in disguise should visit the old shepherd, and learn the young prince's intentions.

The nuptial morning came, and all was mirth and gaiety. Perdita, in her simple attire, looked like a goddess; and Florizel, in his lowly garb, looked nothing less than princely. While the sports were going on, two strangers appeared amongst them, who were cordially welcomed by Perdita, Polidor, and the old shepherd. These strangers were Polixenes and Camillo, so well disguised that Florizel had not any suspicion of them. When the ceremony of marriage was about to commence, he stepped between the lovers, and by the authority of a father, commanded them to proceed no further; ordering Florizel to return to his obedience: and threatening the old shepherd and his son with punishment, nay, even death, if they suffered the prince to remain one hour under their roof. He then departed, leaving Camillo to follow with his undutiful son. The scene of happiness was now changed; the old shepherd reproached Florizel and Perdita with cruelty, and gave himself up to despair under the king's displeasure. Perdita looked piteously on the prince, as if she would have gazed her soul away; but he bade her be of comfort, and told Camillo, that "not for all Bohemia, for all its pomp, and wealth, and grandeur, for all that the sun shone on, that the wide earth enclosed, or the fathomless seas hide, would he break his oath to his fair beloved." Camillo, who loved the prince, was desirous of serving him; and thought he knew a means by which he could promote his interest, and at the same time gratify himself. He had been as happy in Bohemia as a banished man could be, but his mind at intervals reverted to the place of his birth, and he longed to revisit the scenes of his infancy. This feeling, as he advanced in years, became more powerful; and having received an invitation from his repentant master, to return again, he languished to behold him, and to grant that forgiveness which he had deigned to solicit. He had, therefore, entreated the permission of Polixenes to return, but in vain; for so highly did he prize his society, he could not be prevailed on to consent to his departure. An idea now crossed his mind, to persuade Florizel to visit the court of Sicilia; for which purpose he would furnish him with papers, so as to enable him to pass on Leontes as having been sent by his father, with kind remembrances, and solicitations for a renewal of friendship; he would also supply him with means to appear as the prince of Bohemia. The anxious lover rejoiced at this proposal; and nothing remained but to procure disguises, lest prying curiosity should watch their steps. Good fortune happily furnished Flori-

zel with all due expedition. A favourable wind soon wafted them to the shores of Sicilia, where Florizel and Perdita, equipping themselves with such dignity as became them, prepared to visit Leontes.

One universal gloom had overspread the court of Sicilia ever since the fatal period of Hermione's death: no ray of joy had ever displayed itself in the mind of Leontes; and his only pleasure was to sit and converse with the lady Paulina, about his wife and children. Paulina cherished in him the idea of his infant being found; and on this hope he fed, this only hope which rendered life endurable. Years passed on, and his courtiers had never dared to propose a second marriage; but it became at length necessary such a proposition should be made. The king was sinking into premature decay; the throne would be left without an heir; and the kingdom exposed to the depredations of other princes, who might choose to contend for the possession of a crown left vacant by the death of its master. The most favourite of his courtiers broke the subject to him, but he spurned the very idea of a second marriage. Leontes thought he should be relieved of some portion of his sorrow, could he be reconciled to Polixenes and Camillo; he therefore dispatched messengers to the kingdom of Bohemia, to solicit the pardon of Polixenes, and the return of Camillo. The messenger, did not speed well with Polixenes, who could not easily forgive what he considered Leontes' murder of his wife and children; but Camillo, whose heart yearned to his native home, and whose love to his royal master induced him to forget his crimes in his sufferings, endeavoured to prevail on the king to visit Sicilia, without any chance of success, however, till the departure of the young prince Florizel. He was then successful; and, after using his utmost eloquence to procure his son's pardon, he easily prevailed on the king to follow the young couple to Sicilia.

It was on a day when the courtiers were making trial of their most powerful eloquence to induce Leontes to marry, that the arrival of the prince and princess of Bohemia was announced. A visit so sudden and unexpected, and attended with so little regal ceremony, somewhat surprised Leontes; but Florizel was so well furnished with explanations by the care and circumspection of Camillo, that all appeared perfectly correct, and they were most cordially received by Leontes, who gazed on them with a mingled sensation of sorrow and joy. The greetings were scarcely passed, when new wonders took place. A messenger announced the arrival of the king of Bohemia, whose errand was to reclaim his recreant son, who had taken flight with a shepherd's daughter. The beautiful Perdita, thus stripped of her borrowed plumes, for Florizel had introduced her as a princess, of Libya, stood abashed; but her loveliness, her youth and striking

resemblance to the dead Hermione, so fixed the attention and admiration of Leontes, that he gazed on the fair impostor with eyes of love, and thought that had his courtiers presented to him this excellent creature, the dread of marriage would have been less acute. Florizel earnestly besought his influence with Bohemia, to procure his pardon and permission to marry Perdita, whom alone he loved; and Leontes, interested for the young couple, and fascinated with the beauty of Perdita, promised his assistance.

Long years of anguish were now about to be repaid with joy the most exquisite. Bohemia, on his way to the court of Leontes, discovered the old shepherd and his son, who were wandering about to see what could be seen, little dreaming to encounter the exasperated king, from whose vengeance they considered themselves secure. He ordered them to be seized:—the poor wretches trembled, wept, prayed, kissed the earth, and in their confusion every sentence they spoke was a contradiction to that which they had spoken before, while Bohemia, enraged, stamped, foamed, and threatened them with death in every shape. They were conducted to the court, and the king's transports of rage being restrained by the sight of Leontes, the friend and beloved companion of his early days, the two culprits were questioned with more mildness; and the old man then disclosed the manner in which he had found the child, who had been brought up as his daughter; produced the box which contained the full testimonials of her birth, the mantle and jewels of Hermione, and also letters in the well-known handwriting of Antigonus, whose death, and the wreck of the ship which bore him from Sicilia, were all “confirmations—strong as proofs of holy writ,” that this beautiful image of Hermione was Hermione's daughter, and heir to the Sicilian throne. Imagination may picture, but tongue or pen would fail to describe the ecstasy which filled each breast, when the lovely Perdita was clasped to the bosom of her enraptured father, as also to that of Polixenes, who presented her to his son, and prayed the heavens to shower down blessings on them. The faithful Paulina gazed on the princess, caught her in her arms, thanked the gods that the oracle was at length fulfilled—in restoring the lost infant;—and then again she wept at the sad recital of her husband's dreadful death.

When the first transports of joy were over, Perdita begged to be conducted to the tomb of her mother, at that sacred shrine to offer her thanksgivings to the gods for this blessed restoration: “Would you not rather see the statue of your excellent mother, princess? (inquired Paulina) I have a statue of the queen just finished, the performance of many years, and but even now completed by the rare Italian master Julio Romano.” Perdita was delighted at the thought; Leontes no less so—and they imme-

diately proceeded to a retired house belonging to Paulina, where, since the death of Hermione, few had been permitted to enter. Paulina conducted her visitors to a chapel behind her house, where, drawing back a sable curtain, she presented to view a statue so exquisitely wrought, that it appeared inspired with life and animation, and so striking a resemblance of Hermione, that Leontes stood amazed, and Perdita was lost in admiration at this beautiful semblance of her departed mother, whose hand she would have kissed but that Paulina forbade her, saying “the statue was but newly fixed—the colours are not dry.” Leontes, when his first surprise was over, and his mingled sensations of pain and pleasure had vented themselves, burst out into exclamations of wonder at the sculptor's art, which thus could personate the life, and was rushing to embrace the beauteous statue of his loved, his murdered queen—but he was also prevented by Paulina, who begged him to control his feelings. “Oh, not these twenty years—(exclaimed Leontes)—I could gaze on that beauteous form for ever.” “And I too (said the weeping Perdita,) I could gaze until my eye-strings cracked with very weariness. Beseech you, lady, let me behold her longer.” “Either forbear, and quit the chapel (said Paulina,) or prepare you for more amazement. If you have spirits, sir, to bear it, I'll make the statue move, and take you by the hand: but you perchance may think I am assisted by wicked powers.”

Leontes told her he was prepared to look on all she could undertake to do, for it was as easy to make the statue speak as move. Paulina than commanded that music should sound—when instantly the solemn peal of the organ reverberated through the arched roof, while all present stood in breathless anxiety to know where this awful ceremony would end! Presently the statue began to move from its incumbent posture, and the eye before fixed on vacancy rested on Leontes. With a slow and majestic step she descended from the lofty pedestal and presented her hand to Leontes; he grasped it eagerly—it was warm, and glowing! He embraced the beauteous form—it returned the pressure!—and Leontes started back in terror and amazement! “Speak, dearest lady—(said the faithful Paulina)—convince them that you live! and you, sweet maid kneel and pray your mother's blessing!—Look, dear madam! best Hermione, look; behold our Perdita is found. Perdita rushed to her mother's feet and grasping her hand, devoured it with kisses. Hermione gazed on her with delight, and folding her to her enraptured heart, entreated to know how she had been preserved—where lived—and how restored to her father's court;—but Paulina checked her eager inquiries, lest she should agitate her mind too powerfully: for so much joy after so much sorrow was a trial of strength both mental and bodily. Again the full swelling organ sound-

ed; but now it sounded notes of joy and triumph, accompanied by the loud peal of human voices, which were raised to heaven in gratitude for this miraculous preservation.

Hermoine, between her husband and daughter, was conducted to the court, amid the acclamations of the multitudes who, having heard the joyful tidings, were flocking from every quarter of the city to greet their new-found queen and princess. When Paulina had announced to Leontes the death of Hermione, she had no idea that she was asserting a falsehood. The semblance of death was so strong, that all who saw gave credence to it. Paulina never left her mistress night or day, and it was during her midnight watch that a faint sigh met her ear. She was alarmed—but stifling her terrors, she exerted her utmost resolution, supposing the sainted spirit of her departed mistress was hovering near, to give some dear commission to her charge. She advanced near the coffin; another and a deeper sigh was issued; she put her hand upon the cheek, and on the lips, where some faint touch of warmth was apparent. Paulina, without calling any one to her assistance, summoned all her energy and presence of mind; and, by various medicinal applications, succeeded in bringing back the vital warmth of existence. When Hermione was sufficiently recovered to enter into conversation, it was agreed between them that till the oracle was fulfilled, and her child restored, she should be considered as dead. By the contrivance of Paulina, a fictitious funeral took place, while, in the dead of night, she conveyed the queen to her own house, where in secret she had ever since resided, till this blissful hour, which had restored her at once to her husband and her child—her friends, her subjects, and her throne.

#### THE LEGEND OF LOUGH MORN.

"On Lough Magh's bank, as the fisherman strays,  
When the clear cold eve is declining,  
He sees the round towers of other days  
In the wave beneath him shining!"—MOORE.

From times immemorial authors are, thro' politeness or policy, invested with many peculiar privileges, among which is, even the bending time and circumstances to their views; but in the present case, I wave this liberty, and have only, in adopting a foundling given it the clothing that pleased me. I confess that the latter is not destitute of some little embellishments, for the existence of which it is indebted to imagination alone, but speaking at once to the point the ground work of my story is said to be TRUTH!

According to some ancient gossippers, there was, many centuries ago, a large and populous town near Carrickfurgus, in the north of Ireland. On the important heads of its name and origin, history has not deigned to illuminate us; and indeed, I have good reason to believe that they would baffle the research of

the most profound antiquarian that ever existed; but for my purpose, it is sufficient that tradition has recorded the town, and that no trace of it is now to be found. Having affirmed thus much, I will no longer delay the details of my story, aware that my fair readers must be as impatient as myself to begin them.

Towards the decline of a day in autumn, as the inhabitants of this town were indulging themselves in gaiety after the close of their business, an old man, habited in a long dark cloak, and seemingly bent with fatigue made his appearance among them, and requested refreshments and shelter for the night. The manner in which he sought the kindness of strangers was ill calculated to produce the effects he desired; the tones of the mendicant were strangely mingled with the voice of one who commanded a duty, and the piercing gray eyes that sparkled beneath his white and overhanging eyebrows, were fitfully illuminated with a wild and fearful brilliancy. The people gazed at him for a moment, and then averse to his aspect, closed their hearth and door to his importunity. For some time the old man wandered from gate to gate in search of hospitality, till at length, in the market place, a person beckoned to him, and besought him to put up with the accommodation of his humble abode. The pilgrim stopped and turning round beheld the towers and steeple and houses glittering like gold in the rich radiance of a setting sun. A withering expression of revenge darkened his eye, and smiling bitterly upon the scene, he stretched forth his hands, and said,—" May the curse of an outcast and wanderer light upon your proud city; and bright as ye are now, ye shine for the last time in the sun burst of day, for the morning will come and find ye fled as a dream from the brain of the sleeper." The young man started at the stern malediction of the mendicant, and the deep shadowing of his brow; but time for reflection was not given him, for the evening was drawing on, and the stranger accepting his offer, prepared to follow him to his house. After passing through two or three long streets, the guide whose name was O'Halloran, struck into a narrow lane, and stopping before the gate of a mean habitation, he lifted the latch, and invited the old man to enter. The room he led his guest into corresponded with the exterior of the house, and was occupied by an old woman whose years appeared not to have diminished the natural gaiety of her heart. Her grand-daughter was seated in the corner, and blithely singing as the wheel went round: her hair was chestnut brown, and her eyes dark, blue, and brilliant, sparkled from beneath her curling tresses, as she raised them on the entrance of her husband, who announced the traveller that had demanded, and been refused, the common rights of hospitality. In a moment the distaff was thrown by, and the board spread with the best

that the humble dwelling produced ; while the old man, having been disengaged by O'Halloran of his cloak and cap, sat down with an urbanity of countenance that curiosity contrasted with the almost supernatural expression of malice, which had a few minutes before risen like a fire-flush on his features. After supper, O'Halloran brought a harp, one of which was then to be found in every house in Ireland, and placing it before his guest, waited in expectation of his playing. The stranger drew it on his knee, and as his fingers wandered among the strings, he sung in a low but energetic tone, the following verses :

The sunlight is streaming,  
Dalgath on thy towers,  
And the sweet birds are singing  
Within thy green bowers ;  
But ere the next sunbeam  
Shall dance on the wave,  
Thy groves shall be hushed  
As the calm of the grave !

And the sound of the lute,  
And the soft mandolin,  
Shall be drowned in the shout,  
And the hurrying din.  
Then heed thee ! oh, heed thee !  
In castle and hall,  
For the night star that's coming  
Shall witness thy fall ?

The minstrel repeated, in a deepened cadence,

For the night-star that's coming  
Shall witness thy fall !

And O'Halloran felt an emotion of dread steal over him as he gazed upon the mysterious being, and remembered the bitter curse he had in the market-place bestowed upon the town. The wanderer disregarded his agitation, and shortly complaining of fatigue, retired to the chamber set apart for his repose.

When the stranger had withdrawn O'Halloran, his wife, and mother drew round the fire, and the singularity of their guest gave rise to many observations, which at length induced O'Halloran to impart to the wondering audience the circumstance of the traveller's rejection by the neighbors, and the fearful rage he had expressed on the occasion. The old woman's vivacity forsook her, and the gentle Kathleen crossed herself repeatedly, as she sat in awful expectation of the issue.

The moments were wearing on, when suddenly the old woman cried out that the apartment was sinking. O'Halloran started on his feet,—it was a fact ; the hearth had already given some inches, and the pure water was swelling up in the interstices, while black and silvery eels coiled upon the stones. A shriek of dismay broke from the lips of all present, and at that instant the door was burst open and the old man appeared before them ; his aspect was as that of a demon, and his eyes shone with exultation.—“ Fly ! fly ! ” cried he, “ fly from the destruction ye have not merited ! Rise, and follow me, and while time is left ye,

seek safety in the mountains.” Saying this, he hurried them without further speaking to the door. O'Halloran supported his trembling wife and mother in their forced progress through the streets, which were now above ankle deep in water. Every minute it rose higher and higher. “ Hurry, hurry ! ” exclaimed the old man, “ or the hour of favour will be past.” He was leading to the outskirts of the town, when O'Halloran's mother, shrinking from the reptiles that came in contact with her feet, declared she could proceed no further his wife hung heavily upon his arm, and the stranger's intricate windings through the town were now difficult to follow ; but delay was not to be thought of ; the water was rising in every part, and the newt, and the eft, and slippery eel, meandering on the pavement. “ For God's sake bear up a while,” said O'Halloran, and we may yet reach a shelter.” He doubled the support of his arm, and the party renewing their exertions, in a short time gained the steep ascent of a mountain, which raised its stupendous height above the steeples of the town. The old man halted not ; but with an agility that was surprising, commenced to thread the mazes of the hill, ever and anon, turning his head, and urging his companions to speed. The night was calm and clear, and the heavens were of a deep, deep blue, studded with stars, that seemed as innumerable lamps of silver burning and brightening in the sky. In the distance, on the skirts of the horizon, was traced, amidst the darkness of the surrounding clouds, many a gleam of pale and visionary hue ; and against these rose the far off hills, and the black masses of the town, in which now all noise, all light, all revelry, were fast sinking into that still, still gloom and quiet, which proclaims the interval of repose.—The shades of night hung upon every object, and the breezes that came from the shores of the ocean swept chillingly round the steep, and to a fanciful ear might have appeared to wail and lament for the approaching work of desolation. At length when O'Halloran and his weeping family were seated on a projection of the eminence, they ventured to look down on the houses beneath them : one by one the tapers had been extinguished, and the wild and joyous carol was hushed. All lay in one dark and heavy mass of obscurity, and the sleep of the grave seemed to rest on the inhabitants.—O'Halloran cast his eyes round, and beheld the fatal guest he had harboured, standing on the very summit of the mountain : his cap had fallen off, and his cloak and loose hair streamed wildly on the breeze ; his hands were stretched forth, his eyes, beaming with more than mortal brilliancy, were fixed on the planets which were rolling in the canopy above. Again O'Halloran bent his glances upon the town, and far and wide as he could see, water was welling and welling, as though the springs of the earth had broke loose. Suddenly the still-

ness was dissolved ; the bands of sleep burst asunder ; the bells rung violently, and lights were seen flashing to and fro, from house to house, and from room to room. Dreadful was the scene that now presented itself to the senses of the appalled family on the hill : the houses were sinking rapidly, and the water was level with the windows on the second stories : the shouts and screams were terrific, and they sounded as the loud cry of wretches whose hearts wrung with the last knell of hope. The upper windows were dashed open, and bands of the inhabitants issued forth on the tops of the houses, and tossed their arms in harrowing despair, as they beheld retreat cut off on every side. Lower and still lower sunk the buildings, till the waters were even high as the very roofs. At that juncture hundreds flung themselves into the stream, and, struggling with their fate, vainly endeavored to make towards the land. In one place a father, encircled by his children, was buffeting the tide, and in another a husband, clasping his wife, tried to save her from the danger that surrounded them. But it was indeed vain ! The power that invoked their destruction, defeated their exertions ; and every soft, sweet-tie of kindred was swept into an inevitable ruin. One fearful gurgling shriek arose from the town ; O'Halloran's brain felt as if spinning round ; he shut his eyes and pressed his hands tightly upon his ears, to close out that sight of woe,—that shriek of wildering despair : it sounded again on the breezes of night, and then all sank into stillness, broken only at intervals by a faintplash in the water, as a hand or arm rose to the surface, and waving for a moment sunk heavily in the stream. After the lapse of a short time O'Halloran and his wife again ventured to gaze upon the scene ! All was gone ! and where a town had reflected the beams of the last evening sun, a dark deep lake was now stretching its sullen waters ! Long, silvery streaks of light in the horizon betokened the dawning of morning ; and as the thick clouds of light rapidly rolled into the west, and the distant hills were illuminated by the first early rays of day, O'Halloran looked round for the stranger whose fearful vengeance had called down the ruin ; but he was gone, and the breeze only waved the tall weeds where he had stood — A pious ejaculation broke from the lips of O'Halloran, and he prayed with a deep and ardent and burning intensity for the souls of the deceased. When he had concluded, he rose from his knees, and taking the hands of his companions, turned his steps far from that scene of destruction, which to this day, is known by the name of LOUGH MORN.

An Irishman meeting another, asked him what had become of Patrick O'Murphy ? Arrah, now, my dear honey, answered he, Pat, was condemned to be hanged, but he saved his life by dying in prison.

## BIOGRAPHY.

"Of man, what see we but his station here."

### OLIVER HAZARD PERRY,

The "Hero of Lake Erie," was born at Newport, Rhode-Island, in August, 1785. At the age of fourteen he entered the navy of the United States, and shortly after he accompanied the squadron to the Mediterranean, in which he served during the Tripolite war.

At the commencement of the late war with Great Britain, he was appointed to the command of the flotilla of gun-boats, stationed in the harbour of New-York, with the rank of master-commandant.

In 1813, he was appointed to the command of the squadron on lake Erie. As soon as he had equipped and manned his vessels, he set sail from the port of Erie in pursuit of the British fleet, on the 8th of August. Nothing of moment, however, happened until the 10th September, when he discovered the enemy at sunrise, and immediately made for them. The action commenced about ten o'clock, and lasted for three hours, when the whole British squadron struck their colours. Never was a victory more decisive and complete. The captured squadron had more guns and more men. The enemy's loss in killed and wounded was 160, the Americans 123. Soon after the victory on lake Erie, the thanks of congress were voted to the commodore, his officers, seamen, and marines ; and medals were presented to him and his officers.

In 1815, commodore Perry was appointed to the command of the Java frigate, and sailed with commodore Decatur's squadron to the Mediterranean, and participated in the negotiation of an honourable peace with the Algerines.

In June, 1819, commodore Perry sailed from the Chesapeake bay in the United States ship John Adams, for the West Indies and a cruise, with sealed orders.

In September, 1820, the melancholy intelligence of his death reached the United States, on which occasion the secretary of the navy ordered the usual tribute of respect to be paid to the memory of this illustrious officer.

He died at Port Spain, on the 23d August, 1820.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,  
"In pleasure seek for something new."

### THE GRAVE.

Nature appeared desolate and mournful—the clouds passed heavily on, shrouding all things in their gloom. The winds sighed sadly through the dark boughs that waved among the tombs—these stood around, like the ghosts of the evening, pale, silent, and motionless.—Beneath the cold, but speaking marble,

lay the bodies of the departed, crumbling to their primitive dust—bodies which were once among us, in all the joy of life. Our relations and friends—where are they now? Wrapped in the damp clay! emaciated and haggard as when sickness and death tore them from us. My soul was melancholy! I thought upon the scenes of former times, when those who now lie buried, were with us. They were once dear to us, but now they are alone and cold beneath the earth. On the ground fallen leaves were scattered, the emblems of man's mortality, killed by the frosts of winter, and torn from their parent stems—so does death, fell and merciless, sweep from us all that we hold dear. But the shadows of evening approached, and all was cold, dreary and comfortless. The sepulchral arches and upright monuments of the dead were losing themselves in the uncertainty of the gloom. Do the ghosts of the departed now stalk abroad? Have they burst from their cemeteries to walk amidst these shades? I beheld a figure gliding across the mounds—pensively it stole among the graves, like the wandering spectre of the night. It approached—it was a beautiful spirit! The raven tresses were too rudely blown by the chill breath of Winter, and his frigid hand was upon her ivory neck, but the sweet spirit was regardless of it. Her white drapery flowed loosely around, as she leaned in sorrow over a tomb, which marked the repose of innocence. She spoke not—but the unutterable meaning of the look she cast to Heaven, and the deep sigh she heaved, betrayed the—MOTHER!

*Anecdote.*—Not long since, two sailors passing along by a tailor's shop, observing a tailor at work with his coat off, and having the back of his waistcoat patched with different colours of cloth, induced the sons of Neptune to crack a joke upon the poor fellow when one of the tars cried out to the other, “Look ye, Jack, did ye ever see so many sorts of cabbage grow on one stump before?”

*Long Life.*—A French nobleman being very ill, and deeply in debt, said to his confessor that all he presumed to solicit of heaven was, that he might live to pay all his debts.—The confessor believing his penitence to be sincere, said, there was reason to hope that his prayers would be granted. “Should heaven be so gracious,” said the sick man, turning to one of his oldest friends, “I shall certainly live for ever.”

As some young ladies were lately taking a walk they were accosted by a gipsy woman, who, for a very small reward, very politely offered to show them their future husbands' faces in a pool of water that stood near. Such an offer was too good to be refused, and, on paying the stipulated sum, the ladies hastened to the water, each in anxious expectation of getting a glance of the “beloved object,” but,

lo! instead of beholding the “form and face” they so fondly anticipated, they were surprised to see their own rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes glancing from below. “Sure you are mistaken I'm no man,” exclaimed one of them, “for we see nothing but our own faces in the water.” “Very true mem,” replied the saucy fortune-teller, “but these will be your husbands' faces when you are married.”

### SUMMARY.

Mr. Gamage, editor of the Cayuga Republican and the Garland, is about to take charge of the editorial department of the Albany Patriot.

A new State prison has just been completed near Westchester, N. Y., by 100 convicts, who as soon as it was done, were locked up in its cells.

Mr. Eaton W. Maxcy, of Providence, R. I., proprietor of the Ladies' Museum, has offered the following literary premiums:—1st For the best original Tale or Essay, to occupy about two [4to.] pages of his paper, a complete set of the dramatic works of Shakspeare—value \$10.—2d. For the second best do., the first volume of the Museum. Premiums to be awarded on the 10th of March next.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We would solicit the continuance of the favours of our friends “Henry,” “R.” &c., &c. Have they hung their harps upon the willow?

### LITERARY PREMIUMS.

In order to render the next volume of the **RURAL REPOSITORY** more worthy of the patronage of its numerous subscribers, and with a further view of encouraging “native” literature, we now offer the following premiums—

1st.—For the best **ORIGINAL TALE, or ESSAY**, to occupy not more than four, nor less than two pages of the Repository—\$10.

2d.—For the second best **ORIGINAL TALE or ESSAY**,—a set of Byron's works, handsomely bound.

3d.—For the best piece of **MISCELLANEOUS POETRY**, not to exceed eighty lines—a complete set of the Repository.

All communications must be directed to William B. Stoddard, Hudson, N. Y., and forwarded (post paid) prior to the first day of May next; when the premiums will be awarded by a committee of gentlemen selected for the purpose.

### DIED,

In this city, on the 25th inst. **ANN CATHARINE**, wife of James Hyatt, in the 49th year of her age, a Member of the Society of Friends.

On Wednesday the 28th inst. from accidentally falling in a cistern, **HENRY**, son of Solomon Wescott, aged about 3 years and 6 months.

The dispensation how severe!  
When parents thus, are call'd to mourn  
An infant bud of promise dear  
From their fond arms, untimely torn.  
Each day some opening beauty, met their view—  
Some grace, unseen before, they saw arise;  
But death his victim mark'd—his aim was true—  
And tears of sorrow, now bedew their eyes.  
O Lord, wilt thou their wounded bosoms heal;  
And bind with hope divine each mourner's brow,  
May they the comforts of Religion feel,  
Which points above, where dwells their infant now.  
There shall its budding beauties bloom  
To deck a Saviour's happy bower  
The spirit sinks not to the tomb  
But upward flies—an heavenly fowl.



## POETRY.

### ADDRESS

*To the Patrons of the RURAL REPOSITORY on the New-Year.*

Aurora, from the purple east,  
Spurs the fleet coursers of the skies;  
And see! each rosy-winged beast  
Along the æthereal pathway flies.  
Then strike the harp, a year hath fled  
And lo! another dawns again;  
Ay, strike the harp, a year hath fled,  
And let it be a joyous strain!  
And peal aloud the chiming bell,  
And let the merry-music float,  
Till echo, through her fairy shell,  
Shall sound anew th' enraptured note,  
And bid the magic numbers rove  
Throughout her airy hall,  
As softly as the dreams of love  
Upon a bridal festival;  
For Time hath now a happier face,  
It is his festival of years;  
And though we cannot check his race,  
We'll check, with smiles, our tears.

The New Year! day of happy smiles,  
Day of social greeting;  
Day, that from the heart beguiles  
Many a kiss at meeting;  
It is the natal day of heaven,  
Of friendships often warm and new,  
And though, at parting, tears be given,  
It is a day of fond adieu!  
Then let me wish its joys, in sooth,  
To the daughter—mother—  
The father—and the blither youth,  
We may not see another,  
For Time is on a rapid flight:  
How fleeting is his way!  
And summer visions, sunny bright,  
May rapidly decay.  
But let the rosy wine go round,  
And mirth, and happy peace abound.

Come hither, YOUTH! thy brow hath yet,  
No searing brand of sorrow met;  
But as thy years to manhood run,  
Count not each new a brighter one.  
Yet thou shalt wish that time may speed,  
But of his fleetness, take thou heed,  
For fickleness is on his wing,  
And joy may hide some pointed sting,  
(For many a poison pleasure hath)  
To wound thee on thy eager path.—  
To grasp at honour's golden wreath,  
May lead to ruin and to death.  
And mark this truth, the hill of fame  
Points you to honour—and to shame.  
Be wise, then, wouldst thou travel there,  
For much is false that seems most fair,  
And the bright visions hope may show,  
May lead to folly, thence to woe.  
This thou may'st see, and thou hast seen,  
The rose blush on its tree of green,  
Till pleased thou mark'dst it as thine own—  
Now whither are its beauties gone?  
And yet thy hopes I will not chide,  
But whilst thou sport'st upon the tide,

Of youth's unruffled stream,  
Whose flowery banks may wake the dream  
That fancy pictures to thy ill—  
If thou art wise, be merry still.

Come hither, MANHOOD! where are those  
Bright visions thy young fancy drew?  
Has thy life passed in sweet repose,  
In pleasures ever warm and true?

Say, has it been like the smooth streams,  
Which back reflect the moon's bright beams,  
As clear and calm as smiling even—  
As cheerful as the stars in heaven,  
When the blue vault expandeth wide—  
Or like the swelling ocean's tide,  
Whence the loud surges lash the shore,  
And tempests bid the billows roar?  
If like the ocean, thou hast known  
How sweet were calms, when they have gone,  
How tender were the joys long flown,  
How transient, ere they hurried on.  
O, 'tis as if the bow erst given  
To mark the gentle summer rain,  
In icy flakes should fall from heaven,  
Or suddenly be rent in twain;  
It is as if that badge of Love  
Should lose its attribute above,  
And leave of Mercy not a token,  
When hopes long cherished thus are broken.

And thou OLD-AGE! thy silver hairs  
Seem but the frost of wo and years;  
Yet say, was not thy youth as bright  
As the high sun's resplendent light?  
As fleeting as the morning dew—  
Yet clouds upon thy manhood grew.

No more: this is too sad a strain;  
Yet wakes the dreams of other years  
And mingle pleasure with the pain—  
And smiles with sweeter tears—  
But bliss to Youth—for joy to day,  
Should banish sorrow far away;  
And peace to Manhood—he hath known  
Contentment wears the badge alone;  
To Old-Age comfort:—it is given  
To those who rest their hopes on heaven;  
To all, a Happy New-Year be—  
A smile for all—and one for me—

### THE CARRIER.

### ENIGMAS.

"We know these things to be mere trifles."

*Answer to PUZZLES in our last.*

**PUZZLE I.**  
It is the butcher fats his hogs  
Which gives your first in *fat*;  
The blind or deaf may wish to *hear*,  
"Tis *her* leave *a* from that;  
And now my whole you may require—  
"Tis *father*—love him as your sire.)

**PUZZLE II.**—It is usually painful (panesfull.)

### NEW PUZZLES.

#### I.

Why is the roaring of the sea like the letter L?

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